THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

MR. HO ON BASEBALL.

An Ambassador From the Flowery Kingdom Tells What He Thinks of

OUR GREAT NATIONAL GAME.

He Writes to the Regulator of Morals Warning His Countrymen

AGAINST THE EVILS OF THE SPORT

PWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.

NEW YORK cor respondent of THE DISPATCH bearing of the arrival of Wong Hapg Ho, a

special correspondent from the High Mandarin of the Plowery Kingdom, hunted him up and the interview which tollowed is printed below: "You appear to take a great interest in our national game, Mr. Ho," I said, by way of putting him at his ease. "Ya-a-s," he replied

languidly, "Him make intlesting chapter for reading. What you call big game, eh, yestelday," he added with more anima" tion. "See Duff Fie fli high; get ball off light field fence?"

Hang Ho took two or three frantic rushes around the room, and finally leaped upward to eatch an imaginary ball near the ceiling, holding up his hand high in the air, as if for the approval of the pavilion.
"What you call him? Big catch, fly
high! Whoop! Clappee hands! hullah like "See me steal base! Watch pitcher (why

you call him pitch who thlow allee time?)—
off my base ten feetee see? Catch pitcher's eye-slip back mighty quickee-see ball go
-Lun like bully-up wagon after dolla Hang Ho's idea of running like a "hurry-



up" (i. e., police patrol) wagon was not a bad one. He seemed to go on all fours, his long pigtail streaming behind like a pen-nant, and he finished with a slide along the floor that wrecked the expansive portion of his pantaloons. His long tunic prevented the results of the accident from being seen, but the ominous rip was plainly heard.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Hang Ho. "Split up pants allee samee Baybee An Son! Get the allee samee!"

he' allee samee!"

He sat down in his chair once more, and now that the paroxysm had passed, was again the cool, almost languid Eastern gen-tieman.

THE MONGOLIANS EXCITED. "Mr. Hang Ho," I said, "will you kindly

tell the great American people, 'urough me, what is the object of your studies of our national game?"
"Tell 'em pletty klick," said Hang Ho

promptly. "Chinaman knocked offen tha" base since Baybee An Son go lound the wold like missionally, Chinamen see game at Singapole; all clanks now bling back game to China: allee game of flying kites knocked "A kite," I suggested, thinking to help

"Highs than big balloon," said Hang Ho, firmly refusing my assistance. "High Mandarin Ewong Wee send pless collespondent here to study up game and flighten China-

men."
"Bully for the Mandarin Kwong Wee,"
sald L "Wish he'd come here for a spell And are you going to make a report?"
"Done it," said Hang Ho, waving his pigtail vigorously, and pointing to the cylinder. "Like to lead my stoly?" eylinder. "Like to lead my stoly?"
I am bound to confess that I should have



letter r already noticed; and there were oc-casional lapses into pigeon-English, which it is not necessary to closely follow: "To the illustrious High Mandarin, Kwong

"To the illustrious High Mandarin, Kwong Wee, lord of the three peacock's teathers; philosopher of the yellow robe, and noble possessor of the golden button; press censor and promoter of public morals: "Your slave bows three times in the dust, and humbly begs permission to stand where your illustrious shadow may fall upon him on the occasion of his return to the Flowery Land, of which Your Highness is so distinguished an ornament.

guished an ornament.
"Ain't that rather cheap talk?" said I.
It vexed my republican soul to hear such

adulation.
"Don't cost much; pays belly well," said
Hang Ho promptly; "aliee samee Conglessional candidate to vota' at 'lection time."
"Your slave presumes to write you from
this land of darkness, relying on your indulgence. The people who here sit de-



prived of light, being unillumined by your gracious countenance, have many curious "Averaging 50 per cent on all articles at

port of entry ort of entry—"
"Velly tlue," Hang Ho, feelingly.
"And these customs I have endeavored,
by your instructions, to study. I have tried,
but so far in vain, to discover their manners.

THE INVENTION OF BASEBALL. "One of their most curious customs is to hire players for their amusement, and pay for the privilege of seeing others enjoy

"The so-called national game of baseball

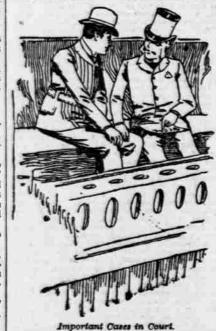
is called an institution, and its invention is ascribed to a recent date—a proof of the marvelous ignorance and conceit of these people."
"Draw it mild, Mr. Ho," I murmured gently. "If it ain't a Yankee game, what is it?"

"Chinese; 3,350 years old," said Hang Ho, curtly, disliking the interruption and snapping out the words. "Listen, or lead the stoly you'self."

I listened. Hang Ho continued:

"For the game, as you Highness' wisdom will have divined, is a revival of the bar-barous Kwangtebeon Tartar dynasty when barous Kwangtcheon Tartar dynasty when its suppression required the execution of 15,000 cranks daily for one year in one province along. The alleged inventer of the game in this country is one Nic Yung, who buys the players at an early age, and only releases them on the payment of large sums to other proprietors. It is supposed to be played on the square, but it is really performed on a diamond; and by nine players on one side and nine and an umpire on the other. The umpires are always on the side of the winning nine, and they are side of the winning nine, and they are much loved by the people, who delight in honoring them with complimentary titles." "That's a fact," I murmured softly, and Hang Ho seemed delighted.

NEW POINTS ON THE GAME. "This curious people allow their players to use a club, which, because it has no resemblance to that instrument, is called a bat The ball used is of curious construction and sometimes has 'wings' attached to it. The



used for 'fanning the air,' a necessary pre-caution for cooling down the hot balls. I have been assured that a player who falls to strike the ball three times is 'out on strikes,' which he hasn't struck, with a bat that not a bat, but a club 'with holes in it.' "In like contradictory manner the ball which has 'wings' has been known to go over the sence with all sails set, while the players who have no wings, are often caught

out on a fly.
"I make no attempt to translate this curious language, trusting to Your Highness' wisdom to discover the hidden meaning of this curious people's talk. In addition to the nine players and the managers, each team is provided with a 'hoodoo' and a 'massoot.' The former is used in case of failure, the latter only when victorious. They have no salaries, but sometimes live at free quarters with the umpires, to whom they are greatly attached. "Sometimes the crowd, who cheerfully

pay a sum equal to my weekly salary lor the liberty to be roasted or frozen on the unshaded seats around the field, while the

muzzled to prevent him from biting hot balls in paroxysms of madness. The second and third bases have to be carefully guarded so

third bases have to be carefully guarded so that they may not be stolen by opposing players. I also learned, in discussing the probable fate of the losing players, that they are liable to terrible penatties. A gentleman, to whose courtesy I am much indebted for this reliable account, says that they are sometimes 'jumped on with both feet' by the victorious players, and that they then 'get in the soup.

"Your Highness will not fail to note the demoralizing nature of the game in this country, which professes to probibit cruel and unusual forms of punishment, and the possible results of its reintroduction in our own happy land. own happy land.

SOME ALARMING STATISTICS. "The details of the game are already in "The details of the game are already in the Imperial library, with other records of that superstitious age, which the invention of printing so happily dispersed 3,350 years ago, so that it is unfitting that I should describe it minutely.

"It only remains to tell of some of the evils connected with it. It has been calculated by eminent statisticians that a crowd of people at any hell came say of 3,000 persons.

ple at any ball game, say of 3,000 persons, will show 150 lawyers who have been summoned to court; 250 physicians and sur-geons each 'called to an important consulta-tion; 1,000 clerks and boys 'delayed by horse cars on their messages,' or 'suffering from excruciating bilious attacks and headaches which require medical treatment at home;' 750 married men whose 'close attention to business prevented their early return home;'
500 who had been 'summoned to a friend's
sick bed,' and 150 who had been 'compelled
to ask permission to bury their grand
parents.' A curious feature of the spectaparents. A curious feature of the spectators' benches is the frequent recognition by
a lawyer who has had 'an important case in
court' of his clerk who was 'compelled to
leave his work on account of sickness.'
"Happily, no one is really deceived. The
cranks have it all their own way. In a
month's time the whole nation will go on a

vacation, the entire time being devoted to seeing games or discussing those already A WARNING TO CHINAMEN.

"Thus, O wise Mandarin of the yellow robe and golden button, have I placed these things be ore you, that the dreadful disease may not be again permitted to spread among the enlightened people of the Flowerry Kingdom, and your faithful slave craves permission to leave this land of darkness and return to the delights of the region illumined by your wisdom."

The little Chinaman leaned back in his chair, lit a cheroot and locked at me in a very sell-satisfied way.

"Mr. Ho," I said, "I cannot do justice to your persploacity and several other things.

your perspicacity and several other things. But you have not explained why we go to baseball matches and spend a sum equal to your weekly salary to do so, not including refreshments and several other et ceteras."

Mr. Ho smiled affably. "Ask me bigger conundium next time. Because Melican

man heap big fool." This wasn't very flattering, but Hang Ho evidently intended it as a pleasant form of adieu. I felt that there was more truth than poetry in the remark, and my skill at repartee failed me utterly. I reached the laundry, gathered up my property and re-tired to the best order possible.



THE GHOST OF CAMERON PASS. It Turned Out to be a Wild Girl of 25. Dressed In Skins.

Chicago Herald.l In the summer of 1882 W. C. Hart, the geologist, and two other enthusiastic collectors of specimens were encamped near the lava beds between the head waters of the Cache de la Poudre river and North Park. It was a rough, broken region, and the desolation was heightened by the proximity of the crater of an extinct volcano, while bare rocks and dead timber were everywhere. The hope of securing rare formations for their cabinets attracted the gentleman to the uncanny spot, for everyone averred that Cameron spot, for everyone averred that Cameron Pass was haunted by the spirit of an emigrant's daughter. Joe Shepler, a well-known mountaineer, who was piloting the party through the hills, had often seen the ghost, and promised his companions that they should view the strange apparation before returning to their homes. He said the spirit was a thief, and frequently stole food and furniture trois the camps of hunters who ventured within her uninviting domain.

At dinner August 12, 1882, Shepler calmannounced that the spirit of Cameron Pass was approaching, and pointed to a strange being which was swiftly moving toward the camp. The marauder came to within 500 yards of the men, and seizing a haunch of venison which had been placed on a stone ran off with it. Hart picked up his rife, and seizing a his converges to felling on his converges to the felling of t his rifle, and, calling on his comrades to fol-low, started in pursuit of the thief. Shelow, started in pursuit of the thief. She—
they were sure it was a woman—led them
a lively race directly toward the lava
beds. Being close pressed the hunted creature dropped the meat and sped onward to
the opening of a cave. The pursuers entered the cavern on the heels of the strange
robber and found the warm body of a dead
woman. The fright and exertion had killed
har. The corpuse was that of a woman about woman. The fright and exertion had killed her. The corpse was that of a woman about 25 years old. Her only clothing was a rude gown, ashioned of skins. Her hair was very long, and she was sunburned and bare-footed. The remains were buried decently.

An exploration of the cave disclosed the fact that it had for some time been used as a habitation by the alleged spirit. The ground was covered with bones, and, although there were cooking utensils about, it was evident that they had never been used. The unfortunate girl had subsisted on stolen meats, roots and leaves. She had dried meat for winter use. For several years she was thought to be a spirit.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JUNE 30, 1889. CLARA BELLE'S CHAT

A Lady's Novel Experience While Traveling on a Railroad Car

WARMED BY COLD STEAM PIPES.

Miraculous Stories of Passengers Overtaken by a Blizzard.

WOMEN WHO WEAR FURS IN SUMMER

NEW YORK, June 29 .- Ladies on the railroad cars are just now complaining of heat and are impatient to reach the seasho or mountain coolness toward which they are journeying. It may make feminine travelers more patient if I assure them that, not-withstanding the dust and heat of summer railroading, winter is a worse time to travel. The one mad idea of the train men is to keep the car hot. There is an awful stove at each end, and it is kept door high with coal allthe time. A variation on the stove idea is steam pipes, running under the seats and along the floor. The only way to escape cooking is to hang by the straps along the center of the aisle. Every crevice through which the fresh air of heaven might enter is corked up. There should be a law about it. Here is a story on the other side of the

question, however.

I got into a car once for a short ride from Chicago to a suburban station. It was bitter cold outside. I was glad enough of the little grated shelf over the steam pipe along the side of the car toward the floor, and I crowded both feet on it. If there is a lovely sensation it is that of gentle warmth stealing through a cold, benumbed member.
The glow crept through the thick soles of
my heavy shoes and soothed the aching cold that made each particular toe an infliction. When one foot got too warm, I took it off the grating to give the other loot a chance. Just then a gentleman seated himself across the aisle. He seemed dissatisfied about the grating on his side and kicked and twisted, and I think he swore under his breath, that it was a shame THE CAR WASN'T HEATED

in such cold weather. A guilty suspicion crept through me. It was odd that one side of the car should be heated and the other not. I bent down stealthily and touched with my hand the grating upon which my foot rested. It was cold, stone cold. I just sat and thought about it all the way to my town. I never had believed much in imagination anyhow, but I had sort of put my

foot in my theories that time, hadn't I? Well, some time after I boarded an express train for a two hours' run. I had a seat at the end. Passengers were complaining of cold. The bench on which I sat had seemed to me pretty warm, but I made up my mind it wasn't, and went right on sitting there. The hotter it got the more I remembered that cold grating, and though the drops of halt-cooked torture stood out on my brow, I would not move. I knew that the seat was cold, and I wasn't going to have my imagination play any more monkey shines with me. When I got out of the car I found a hole horned in my tyr clock car, I found a hole burned in my fur cloak just where I had sat on it. Said I to myself that if ever I went to the hot place I won-dered if I would have sense enough to know I didn't need a chest protector or fur

We all remember last year's blizzard, don't we? Well, I was on the rail during the picnic. There was a party of us. We We had started from Chicago in great style. There were three or four swell luncheons among us, and I had a gorgeous basket of fruit, which an admirer had sent to the train at the last moment. We clubbed together and had a fine supper on the train, feasted splendidly the next day, gave all the debris to the porter, and retired to be called at 6 the next morning, the train being due at 7. When we were awakened I objected to rising. I always do object to rising be-

SUFFERING FROM COLD AND HUNGER. The snow was driving fast outside and there seemed to be some wind. Toward 7 o'clock we slowed up, and the men who had business appointments in Philadelphis began to growl against the railroad company. At 7 we stopped entirely and one of the men declared that he intended to sue the company. About 7:30, fearing to try my luck further, I arose and dressed, and, being hungry, got some coffee for the lot of us from the buffet. I only obtained it by base wheedling and lucre, for since the Philadelphis stop was expected the buffet had no provisions in stock.

The train stood on a little hill. The wind blew so hard that the cars were urged a lit-

The train stood on a little hill. The wind blew so hard that the cars were urged a little off the brow of the elevation. Then the wheels froze promptly to the rails, and the snow began to pile up on one side of us, while it was swept clean at the other side. We went right on growling at the company. To the left of us was a ditch and a small decided the state of the s To the left of us was a ditch and a small de-cline, from the foot of which stretched a dreary field all white with unbroken snow. At the farther side of the field was a slight rise, and a lonely farm house with shrouded windows. To the right, over the fast-rising bank of snow, a strip of level white and then a bleak bit of woods. The car still rocked a little with the wind, but we didn't think much of it, being so taken up with abusing the conductor every time he came through.

through.
About 12 o'clock I felt that even the About 12 o'clock I felt that even the proper regard fate had always had for me required no further delay, and I expressed my dissatisfaction loud and deep, and brought down upon my head the responsibility for the entire happening. Then we began to get hungry. We didn't like to ask the porter for a return of the debris. At this crisis a rather modest member of our party confessed to an unpretentious package of sandwiches, which, in face of all the swell baskets, he had concealed the night we left Chicago. This was hailed with rapture, and the modest member advanced to a position of howling popularity.

A MEAGER BILL OF PARE.

There were four ordinary sandwiches. Each was cut across twice, like a hot cross bun, and we made 16 portions. There were 15 in the party. I did the cutting and got the extra piece. Everybody told everybody else that we would be in Philadelphia in an hour or so, and everybody told everybody else how much better it would be to save our

the liberty to be reasted or frozen on the blasted seats arount the field, while the players are amusing themselves, take the direction of the game into their own hands, and will desire that a halloon be used instead of a ball, but Nie Yung, the chief mandarin, with assistant mandarins 80 Den Kont and Bil Lings, has not yet gratified their subjects.

Mr. Ho Smiled Agrably.

**Miked it very much, but I disliked to take advantage of his generosity. Besides, I didn't know Chinese and couldn't read it if I had been ever so willing.

**Mr. Hang Ho, "I said at length, "it is unbecoming an American citizen to be less generous than a Chinese granteman. Permit me, therefore, the pleasure of hearing you read your own manuscript."

Hang Ho o's OFFICIAL REPORT.

Hang Ho o's OFFICIAL REPORT.

**Hang Ho wikented wigorously, nut his little feet up nor the table. "But the portoness of kineking it off the table, gathered in 10,000 yaron, more or less, of smalls attrips and bench more of kineking it off the table, gathered in 10,000 yaron, more or less, of smalls attrips and bench more of the cave disselsed the state of the chart of the players are amusing themselves, take the players are amusing the been used as a babitation by the subject so the players are amusing themselves, take the players are amusing the subclement and will desire that a balloon be used insecting the found was overed with bone, and, as though there were cooking utensila about; to a construct the players are severed with bone, and, as a though there were cooking utensila about; the porter, the players are shown to the players are should were been used. The unfortunate girl had subsilised on the cave and though there were cooking utensila about; the subject of the cave and the manuscript. The pitches we must hought to be a pirit.

A MELARCHOLI OCCUPATION.

A MELARCHOLI OCCUPATION.

A MELARCHOLI OCCUPATION.

**Drawing Original Designs at Home for Comparison with the was saving to put on its first. Two half-tull flasks of whisky your r

A BADLY DISAPPOINTED CROWD, "Ladies and gentlemen, I believe—I say I believe—two men are now fighting toward us through that field, and moreover that they bear between them s—be calm—a milk

they bear between them a—be calm—s milk can!"

There was a wild whoop, and everyone tore over to my side and did the "little Mabel" act. The car lurched violently, and the weaker ones of the party were dragged back to the other side and left there for ballast. The rest of us, with straining eyes, watched the progress of the two men with the precious milk can. They were almost at the fence when they struck into the field, and wading breast high to a little hillock, there began to dig. Ah, agony! It was the roof of a well. They dug it free, forced it off, let down the can, filled it with water, covered the well and painfully plodded back.

The entire party fell upon me tooth and nail. Just then, luckily for me, some one rushed wild-eyed into our car from the one

"There's a milk car stuck a few yards above us, and anyone who can get there can have all the milk he wants," the lovely wild-eyed apparition cried.

There was a bolt for the door. We could

There was a bolt for the door. We could have milk after all! Flasks, soap dishes, cups were pressed into service. I stood on the platform and took the vessels from the men as they returned from the milk car. Truth compels me to confess that I took advantage of the time they spent floundering up the steps, and made inroads on the priceless fluid. To this day milk gives me a pain and reminds me of the blizzard. SOME WONDERFUL EXPERIENCES.

We had at 5 o'clock a supper of orange peel, milk and the scrapings of the jam. About this time we realized that probably the weather had something to do with our waiting. We were only a few miles out of Philadelphia, however, and it seemed to all of us that had we been running the car our selves we would have been in the city long ago. At 5:30 we started and after nearly an hour's labored struggle we got to the station. Our triends had been waiting all day. They screamed at us that we had been out in the awfullest blizzard ever heard of, and that we want the only strain from the

out in the awfullest blizzard ever heard of, and that we were the only train from the West in at all. We all braced up and began telling the wonderful things we had done and the he oit things we had all been ready to do. But the fact is we hadn't known anything about the awfulness of our position. Philadelphia looked a good deal more like a blizzard than our wind-swept hill; and the more uprooted telegraph poles we saw, the more wrecked boardings and sprangling wires, the more we felt we had lost the chance of our life to be really interesting and dramatic.

Heavens, what stories we tell about it!

girls that one met arrayed themselves in these fur capes I made inquiries about it, and I am assured that it is a thorough fash-ion at this moment. It is very difficult to say how a fashion such as this is introduced and how it grows. I remember meeting a solitary girl on a warm day about a month ago wearing her cape, and I pitied her. I did not see another for several days and then I noticed a steady appearance of them

on the streets.

Last Sunday was a delightful day, not Last Sunday was a delightful day, not hot, but no man found it necessary to wear an overcoat even while driving. But I took the trouble to observe while going through the park how man girls wore fur capes, and I saw a full dozen, all girls of the utmost fashionsbleness. I asked one of them the other day why she wore fur in warm weather, and she could not possibly give any reason for doing so.
"I only know," she said, "that it is the very latest thing going, so I'm taking advantage of it."

These are the same girls who will sit about in cold rooms throughout the winter

about in cold rooms throughout the winter with their arms and necks as bare as when they first came into the world.

CLARA BELLE. PLENTY OF RATTLESNAKES.

A Story Hard to Believe, but It Was Toldby n Truthtul Citizen.

Punxsutawney Spirit.1 trout last week, said a well-known and thoroughly reliable citizen of this place yester day, "and the rain drove me to an old shanty, which I found to be inhabited by a shanty, which I found to be inhabited by a solitary old man. After talking to him a little about the continued wet weather the conversation turned to snakes. 'Yes,' said the old hermit, 'rattlesnakes is mighty thick this year. I guess the rain has soaked them all out. If you wouldn't mind walkin' up there on the side of that mountain where you see that big pile of rocks, I kin show you more snakes 'n you've seen for some time.'

time."
"The rocky promontory referred to was perhaps half a mile distant and I willingly consented to accompany him. When we got within perhaps 300 feet of the place I stopped and the old man said: 'Do you notice that gray rock there shaped like a hay stack?' I admitted that I did, 'Well,' he continued, 'that is no rock—that is a pile o' rattleanakes. Come along an' I'll show

you."
"We approached 200 feet nearer, and there sure enough, I could see that what the old man said was true—a pyramid-shaped pile of rocks, fully as large as an ordinary sized hay stack, was so literally covered with snakes as to appear like a seething mass of squirming reptiles. It was horrible beyond expression. 'Now watch,' said the old man, and he picked up a large stone and hurled it right into the midst of the pile. Immediately the heretofore sluggish mass became a hideous hell of activity. They coiled and hissed and struck viciously, sinking their poisonous fangs into each other's ing their poisonous fangs into each other's flesh, and kept up a rattling that was al-

nost deafening.
"The old man hurled stone after stone "The old man hurled stone after stone among them and they continued to grow more furious until it seemed that every serpent was in a death strangle with another. The stench arising from the poison which they emitted became so sickening that I feared we would be overcome by it, and we hastened away. A more frightful, awful spectacle than this battle of the rattlesnakes could not possibly be imagined. The old man said that this was a regular nesting ground for the rattlers, and that of the thousands engaged in the deadly combat, several hundred at least would die."

Omaha World 1 Mrs. Figg-John, there's a long red hair

struggling to us with that precious burden, through the treacherous snow, and with the wind's wolfish teeth at their throats. Brave boys! How I prayed they wouldn't put a foot in a hole and spill anything. When I was perfectly sure what it was they bore between them, I said in a weak voice, quivering, however, with emotion: KATIE TEMPEST, SOUBRETTE. By EMMA V. SHERIDAN.

CHAPTER I.

OUCHY pounded on my dressing-room door and shouted: "Are you ready?" "No, I'm not" I knew I had been long getting my make-up off, but a rough soubrette part takes so much paint. "How long do you think

I'm going to wait for you?" Touchy shouted again. I answered shortly: "You needn't another minute. No one asked you, anyhow." Dead silence fell. I grew anxious. It was late and raining on the ley walks. As

soon as I got my dress on I opened the door.
Touchy stood digging a bole in a post that
supported the stage. I said meekly:
"You'll have the stage down on us."
He was in a furious temper and turned
round with a jark.

round with a jerk.
"Don't be funny," said he. "I only waited because I have something serious to

waited because I have something serious to say."

"For heaven's sake!" said I.

"What would you have done had I gone and left you?" Touchy asked severely.

I heard Nibbs, our "Props," whistling, and I promptly returned. "Asked Nibbs to take me, or—or gone alone."

Touchy brought his fist down on my table. "That's just it. If you think I'm standing around to do things for you because others are not there, you are mistaken. What you want done in this company I'll do. The sooner you understand it the better. That or nothing."

Did ever one hear such impudence? I stamped my foot, and made more noise than his fist had, and said emphatically: "Then, Mr. Gerald Touch, its nothing! I won't have you, or any one, taking upon himself to do 'everything' for me. You haven't done very much, goodness knows, and you were not asked to do that; and it gives you no right to bully me. I can take care of myself."

"All right" said Touchy, with a lordly

with a good part in a next-class company, sitting on a keg of nails, down cellar, at 11:30 at night, having had my head bullied off by one man and now relying on the good nature of another to get me home through the puddles and over wet ice to the hotel. Home? Ugh! And all the lights going out too.

Just then Mr. Ned's door opened, the streak of yellow light was thrown across the floor, scattering the cockroaches.

"What's the matter with Touchy?" Mr. Ned asked, still shaking himself into his

After I had helped him, and been hauled After I had helped him, and been hauled up the icy steps, and well started homeward through the puddles, I began a plaintive explanation: "Touchy is so exacting. I can't agree to let just him do everything for me, can I? And he bullies me so. I'd rather take care of myself than be ordered and dumped around. I-I won't have it." I began to sputter again.

"Many girls would be proud to have so handsome a fellow as Touchy anxious to take care of them," Mr. Ned remarked, laughing shortly.

"They would make a great mistake," I protested. "It is supposed to be a fine thing



when a man is anxious to do things for one.

was much nicer when he let me more alone."

"But he cares more for you now!"

"Of course. Oh! love stories are frauds. Now that he cares for me I must do as he says or be bullied. I'm dragged out for long walks when I'm tired. He takes my money and sends it to the bank, when I don't want to save it at all. He makes me eat bread and cheese alone in my room, after the theater, because he says I can't afford a restaurant, and that it's improper for people to come so late to my room. I might stand it, if I cared for Touchy, but I don't. Oh! a man who likes you better than von like him is very wearing. Nobody knows but one who goes through it."

"So you have been through it?" Mr. Ned questioned dryly.

I hastened to explsin: "Not very much. No one has cared really for me. They have just thought they did enough to bother me. Bennie Shine last year, for instance. He was funny enough to tell of, and it will show you what I mean.

"He played my lover. Suddenly he took to staring at me fixedly. Then he began doing things for me—rushed for my mail, fought for my bag, buttoned my overshoes, took me to the theater and back till I protested that I did not want to bother him. He began to cry—he was very young—and said nothing done for me was a bother. I thought him homesick, and I patted his shoulder and said it would be all right. Then and there he grabbed my hand, shouting, 'Ohl would it?" 'Ohl would what?' said I. At that he talked a hundred words a minute. My hair stood straight—no one had ever been in love with me before, and I thought it awful—I tried to talk as fast as

he—I kept saying that, dear me, I didn't love, I couldn't, and never would, and that he must get up off the floor. Then he got up, slapped his hat on the back of his head and started for the door, saying he would drown himself. I clung to his coat-tails, weeping and saying, 'No, no.' When he broke away I flew to Mrs. Barker, our old lady. She laughed till she cried. I thought her unfeeling. Sure enough, however, Bennie turned up safe at supper. He told me in an awful whisper, while I was eating my cakes, that he could not find the river."

eating my cakes, that he could not find the river."

Mr. Ned Isughed so that I went on: "I had an awful time with bim. He wasn't naturally truthful and honest, and since he was ready to die for me—if he could find the river—I felt I ought to reform him. I exerted all my influence and went through a great deal. He used to sit glaring at me till my blood ran backward. He let his hair grow long, that he might pull it in his eyes and look worse."

"Did he reform?" asked Ned, cynically. "Not much." I confessed, "but he tried. When I caught him in stories he would threaten to cut his throat. Naturally it kept me nervous. Besides, I was always afraid we would get into a town with a river. He left the company before the season closed. He went down on his knees and called me his good angel, adding that he was going to be an honorable man, and that the day would come when, with a spotless career to point to, he would return and claim me for his bride. I explained that I wouldn't have it, but at the last moment he waved a lock of my hair out of the car window and said, "The day will come." Won't it be awful if it ever does?"

"Didn't you encourage him, Katie?" it ever does?"

"Didn't you encourage him, Katie?" asked Mr. Ned, in his usual mentor fashion.
"What for?" I inquired; "was it any fun for me? I tried to be kind to him, and pull him through. For myself, it only kept me in a state of jumpitiveness and scare." in a state of jumpitiveness and scare,"

"But it is boiling," I wailed in anguish, as the water sizzled over and streamed down into the strawberry jam. Everyone reashed for me, but not before a rash endeavor of mine to remove the pan had imperiled its equilibrium and scalded my hand.

I was dragged from the chair, the table hauled from under the hot waterfall, and a bucket substituted, while Mr. Ned put out the gas over which the pan stood. Then in an awful voice Touchy said: "I ask the gentlemen present if they ever heard of a woman deliberately allowing a pan of water to boil over into a dish of strawberry jam?"

No one could recall a circumstance so No one could recall a circum

No one could recall a circumstance so reprebensible.

"You only told me to say when it boiled, and so I did," I whimpered; "beside, I hate strawberry jam, anyhow."

Then it transpired to the indignation of the men, that Touchy had bought the jam because he liked it, and that his information as to my taste in that direction had been less certain than be had pretended. This diverted wrath from me. When it got around again I said forlornly:

"I scalded my hand anyhow."

Whereat Touchy became earaged and uncomplimentary, While he gently tied up my hand in an unnecessary wet towel, he bade Diggers witness that I had been sent for at Ned's suggestion, and that it would have been much better had I never come.

At this I began to cry, but had only dropped one tear when Mr. Ned said, in quick command:

"Cheese is ready!"

We all flew around, hustled the toast—which I had burnt a little under Touchy's instructions, on the plates and held our breath. Ned with the handle of the sauce pan wrapped in a towel and held in one hand, while he stirred the creamy melted cheese with the shoe horn we kept for a spoon, sidled to the table and poured the concoction over the toast. A delicious aroma filled the air. The cheese was just at that point of molten excellence that makes a rarebit deserve its name.

Diggers produced from the window sill a bottle of beer. Touchy would have none and scolded me so for taking half a glass that I took a whole one.

"You will come to a drunkard's grave,"

that I took a whole one.

"You will come to a drunkard's grave,"
he prophesied, gloomlly, making tea for
himsel! with the water I had let boil over, and adopting a manner, which I found so



ARRIVAL OF BRIGHT

one piece of furniture to do duty as bureau and washstand; yellow shades, one hanging limply, half torn from the rod, and the other twisted and stuffed in above the lower sash; twisted and stuffed in above the lower sash; a long-legged bed, topped with so thin a layer of mattress that I lelt I was going to sleep on a cold waffle; one gas jet away in a corner and high, the flame shooting up a long blue finger and whistling dismally. On a small uncertain table some odd ends of bread and bits of scaly cheese and a glass of pale milk. I banged my Tam o' Shanter to the floor, and said aloud, with a gusty sigh, "Jolly fun being a promising young actress, isn't it?"

A thump at the door behind me nearly fractured my shoulder. Touchy was there. He beamed upon me genially and said: "Supper in Ned's room. You may come if you will toast the bread."

"Oh! Touchy, may I?" I cried.

"Don't gush—come along," said Touchy. I whimpered that if he knew how lonely

"On't gush—come along," said Touchy.
I whimpered that if he knew how lonely
I was he would not call it gush, and linking
my arm in his we cantered down the hallway to the end room. Touchy kicked
against the door and in we fell.
The room was thick with smoke but it
looked beautifully cheerful. A bright,
open fire burned at one end, a table stood in
the center, chairs were crowded about in

open fire burned at one end, a table stood in
the center, chairs were crowded about in
sociable fashion, the bed was strewn with
knives, forks, brown paper and crackers.
"How lovely," said I.
Mr. Ned, in a smoking jacket, stood fussing over an alcohol lamp. Harry Diggers,
our stage manager, a stumpy little man
with cheery blue eyes and a dry manner,
was unwinding packages and spreading
string and paper about. Both nodded as
we came in, and Harry passed me a slice of
cheese.

"Sit down, Miss Katie, and cut that up. Remember we want to hear very little of you till after the cooking. Eh. Touchy?" "And very little then," Touchy added,

unbearable that to conciliate him I asked

unbearable that to conciliate him I asked for some of it. It was very bad. Touchy thought he made lovely tea.

"Good?" he asked, beaming.

"I never before tasted snything like it," said I, with hastventhusiasm.

Diggers was the sort of fellow who never notices a thing at the time. Long after, when gayety was at its height, he leaned over and said in a loud stage whisper:

"That was an awful good thing you said about Touchy's tea." Diggers was always

about Touchy's tea." Diggers was always getting me into trouble that way.

We made lots of noise and ate enough cheese to kill a regiment. Then Diggers began telling stories in his dry fashion, and we laughed till we could eat no more. One story Mr. Ned stopped in the middle of glancing at me. "Quite right," said Touchy, testily; "put her in the closet." So into the closet I went till the story closed with shouts of laughter.

Ah I it was all so pleasant! When I re-

elosed with shouts of lauguter.

Ah I it was all so pleasant! When I re-

membered how awful the lonely evening might have been, I blessed Diggers and Mr. Ned and Touchy for the three nicess

you till after the cooking. Eh, Touchy?"

"And very little then," Touchy added, rubbing my bang in my eyes.

"It thought I was to toast bread," I protested, weak-mindedly taking the cheese.

"Don't find fault," said Touchy; "can't you see Diggers is hunting everywhere for the loaf? Right in the wash bowl, old man," he went on to Diggers.

"Wet!" shouled Mr. Ned.

"Don't do that!" Diggers objected, starting violently; "I wouldn't put a loaf of hread in a basin of water, you know. Wearing my hair parted in the middle makes me look more of a fool than I amdon't forget that."

Touchy said there was no telling, and began to show me how to outcheese. There was nothing about which he didn't know more than anyone else.

We were to have a rarebit. Ned cooked rarebits to perfection. Being the only gir!, I should have done all the work; but, between being so pleased at a chance to ansist at the supper at all and being shown how to do everything by Touchy, I kept getting into trouble. At last I was stood on a patent affair above the gas, did not boil over.

The table was "set" by this time, and drawn under the gas. Three plates. Touchy and I had to share a plate. Some salt on a piece of programme, and, in the centre of the table, the soap dish filled with jambonght especially for me, they said, and which, on pain of death, I was to eat. Sint up, Gerald; she's tired." I looked thanks and stood dizzily. It was very late.

"If you don't mind," said I, "I'll asy good night."

I shook hands with Mr. Ned, said, shortly you good night."

I shook hands with Mr. Ned said, shortly you good night.

I shook hands with Mr. Ned work and the top of my head, at the same time blaming me for having dropped some chips. At the door I turned and said:

They were at the pan of water, balanced on a piece of programme, and, in the centre of the table, the soap dish filled with jambonght especially for me, they said, and which, on pain of death, I was to eat. Since I disalked strawberry jam, it wasn't a cheerful prospect. In the midst of much arci